

Boston, March 7, 1836.

My beloved Helen:

A very hasty and unfinished scrawl was sent to you on Saturday evening, with a promise that you should receive something better without delay. This morning, my heart was gladdened at the sight of a letter from you - gladdened beyond measure, because the epistle was not anticipated by me. It seemed to bring back the never-to-be-forgotten days of our pleasant coisistance, with all their freshness of interest and fervency of love. - O, the dear little babe! "the darlings darling!" how I yearn to clasp him again to my heart! I am happy to hear that his appetite is so good, that he nurses well, and that he improves as a bed-fellow. But why does he not thrive faster? How provoking, to think that Mr. Gray's steelyards were just like father's! However, there is time enough yet for little George to increase in obesity. May he never be larger than Daniel Lambert, nor taller than Howell Tuxton!

I have just received another letter from Mr. Thompson, dated Liverpool, January 14th, in which he gives the pleasing intelligence, that Mrs. T. arrived at that port on the 11th, having had a voyage of 26 days. They were all in good health, except the little boy, who remained in a very delicate state. He expresses much gratitude to the numerous friends in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia, for their "unceasing and overwhelming kindness" to his wife and little ones. His letter is principally occupied with sharp criticisms upon Dr. Channing's book, which he seems to regard pretty much as I regard it - that is, a mixture of good and evil, light and darkness, energy and weakness. His letter will be published in the next Liberator. He was to start the next day for Glasgow, in which place he had made an appointment to lecture



~~to~~ on the 20th and 22d January, and from thence he would proceed to Edinburgh. He writes that there is an intense anxiety pervading all classes to see and hear him. It seems that he had concluded not to lecture in Liverpool, because the friends of emancipation in Scotland were very urgent for his speedy appearance among them.

Since my return to the city, my numerous anti-slavery friends have vied with each other in proffering their kindnesses to me. It strengthens me exceedingly to know, that their confidence and esteem have suffered no abatement, nay, that absence has but greatly augmented them. Saturday night I slept with Knapp and Henry in the office, and had as comfortable a time as such a berth could possibly give, be it more or less. Sabbath forenoon, Mr. May, Henry and myself went to hear Dr. Channing preach, and were happily not disappointed. The sermon was full of beauty and power, worthy to be written in starry letters upon the sky. The text was, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." The will of God, he observed, was expressed in two forms — first, outwardly, as it respects the creation. That will the elements cannot resist, but is executed with a resistless energy. Sometimes it has changed, as in the case of the miracles, which were wrought to illustrate the omnipresence and omnipotent power of the Almighty. The other revelation of his will is a moral one, and that will is unchangeable — it shall not change, though the earth ~~is~~ dashed to sunder, and the suns and stars of the universe are blotted out. The laws of God he declared to be his best and highest gifts to man, full of benevolence and goodness. Weak as man considers himself, yet he has power to do what neither the winds nor waves, neither the earth nor sky, can do, that is, to resist the will of God — &c. &c.



I have had two long and very satisfactory interviews with Miss Martineau. She is plain and frank in her manners, and not less so in her conversation. I can assure you, that we abolitionists need not fear that she will ever print anything, ~~either~~ in this country or in England, inimical to us, or in favor of the Colonization Society. She is now abiding under the roof of Dr. Channing, and no doubt will do him much good. Last evening, ~~there was~~ was a circle gathered by special invitation at Mr. Loring's house, among the number being Miss Martineau, Miss Jeffrey, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. May, Messrs. Rantoul and Hillard of the Legislature, Dr. Follen, Dr. Bradford, myself, &c. &c. The evening was profitably spent in earnest discussion of some of the great topics of reform. The visitors left about half past 10 o'clock. I went home and dined with the Chapman's.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. May, Mr. Goodell, and myself, attended meeting in the African meeting-house, Belknap-street. Our colored friends beheld us gladly, and were particularly careful to let me know how happy they felt to hear that Mrs. G. had got a fine little son. Indeed, that tickles them beyond measure. We are doubly dear to them on that account. My Sonnets seem to be universally admired. Mr. May said, that Mr. Alcott wept as he read them, with excess of feeling.

I am writing this letter at friend Fuller's, who is the same kind, disinterested man as ever, and who, with his excellent wife, desires me to send special remembrances to you. All the friends are extremely anxious to see you and the dear babe, and stand ready to give a welcome reception to you both.

Christiana still remains at the Westons. I saw and spoke to her on Sabbath afternoon. She was well, and of course made many inquiries after you and yours.

The committee of the Legislature have not yet granted us a hearing again, but will probably do so in the course of a few days. Whether I shall address them again will depend upon my feelings and circumstances. Mr. Goodell leaves the city to-morrow morning. He has drawn up for us a very able Memorial, to be presented to the Legislature.



Mr. May's little Joseph is indeed a fine boy, ~~with~~ and of course more advanced than little George. Mrs. May looks remarkably well, and is as lively and voluble as ever. When I see her again, I will convey your message to her.

I have not yet seen any of the Grays, but shall probably call before I leave. And when shall I leave? I do not know exactly, but probably on Friday or Saturday, via Providence. I expect to be in Brooklyn, by your side, dearest, on Monday next. I am longing to get back.

Single - Paris.

PAID

Mrs. Helen C. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

Tell father that Henry is in good health; that the peace cause is steadily gaining ground in this quarter; that abolitionism is sweeping over the whole land, resistless, like a strong tide; and that the reign of terror we hope is nearly over. Love to dear mother and sisters. Kiss Anne for me because she kisses the babe so often, and tell her I will settle the rest on my return.

The arrival of so many persons to see me so soon after my departure from Brooklyn is very singular. You ~~may~~ need not write to me again, as it is so uncertain about my return.

Your devoted one,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.